

Moore-ditch?

*Fals.* Thou hast the most vnfauoury similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hall*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought: an old Lord of the Counsell rated me the other day in the streete about you sir; but I markt him not, and yet he talkt very wisely; but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wisely, and in the street too.

*Prince.* Thou didst well: for Wisedome cries out in the streetes, and no man regardes it.

*Fals.* O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint: thou hast done much harme vnto mee, *Hall*, God forgieue thee for it: Before I knew thee *Hall*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life; and I will giue it ouer: By the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damned for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

*Prince.* Where shall we take a Purse to morrow, *Iacke*?

*Fals.* Zounds, where thou wilt lad, Ile make one: and I do not, call me Villaine, and Bassell me.

*Prince.* I see a good amendment of life in thee; from Praying, to Pursetaking.

*Fals.* Why, *Hall*; tis my vocation *Hall*: tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter Paines.*

*Paines.* Now shall we know if Gads hill haue set amatch: O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent Villaine that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

*Prince.* Good morrow *Ned*.

*Paines.* Good morrow sweet *Hall*. What sayes Monsieur Remorse? What sayes sir *Iohn Sacke* and *Sugar*, *Iacke*? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy soule, that thou souldst him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madera and a cold Capons legge?

*Prim.* Sir Iohn stands to his word, the Diuell shall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a breaker of Prouerbes: he will giue the Diuell his due.

*Paines.*

*Paines.* Then art thou damnd, for keeping thy word with the diuell.

*Prince.* Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

*Poy.* But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues: Gads-hil lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoken supper to morrow night in Eastcheap; we may doe it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

*Fals.* Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

*Poy.* You will chops.

*Fals.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*Prince.* Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

*Fals.* Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

*Prince.* Well then once in my dayes Ile be a madcap.

*Fals.* Why thats well said.

*Prim.* Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

*Fals.* By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King.

*Prim.* I care not.

*Poin.* Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shal go.

*Fals.* Wel, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may moue, & what he heares may be beleued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe; for the poore abuses of the time, want countenance: farewell, you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*Prim.* Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer.

*Poy.* Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieast to execute, that I cannot mannage alone. *Falstaffe*, *Harvey*, *Rosill*, and *Gads-hill*, shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid; your selfe and I, will not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I doe not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

B.

*Prince.*